

SAMARA

JULY, 1962



"SUCCESS IS NAUGHT; ENDEAVOUR'S ALL"

—Browning



ELMWOOD FROM THE GROUNDS



MRS. R. S. BRUCE, B.A.

May 7, 1962

Dear Elmwoodians,

In this last letter I shall write to you as your Headmistress, there is so much I should like to leave with you. Words, however, cannot express all that is in my heart.

Life is a school and, if we want to be truly great, we must learn the lessons it has to teach us. Unfortunately "we grow old too soon and wise too late".

Perhaps we are wisest when we are very young. All the poets seem to think that childhood possesses a special significance, a special nearness to heaven. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy". Perhaps it is because in childhood we find it more natural to love, and more unnatural to hate, than at any other period of our lives. Was that why Christ gave us the mysterious warning "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of heaven"? Must we regain the sense of wonder, the sense of reverence, the sense of beauty, the perpetual novelty of everyday things that is common to the humble outlook of the child upon the earth? I think so. We must learn to see all life of eternity, "sub specie aeternitatis". The way to win earth is to seek heaven.

"seek ye first the Kingdom of God", Christ promised us,
"and all these things shall be added unto you."

We are apt in this modern age to set so much store by the mind and so little by the spirit, to want to be considered original, unusual, clever, rather than to merge ourselves into the great tide of common humanity and to become wise because we have become humble.

The world of today has become self-sufficient, independent and proud. It has lost the childlike qualities—trustfulness, dependence, simplicity and affection. Consequently, it has lost its vision. We are warned "where there is no vision, the people perish". And there can be no vision without reverence and no reverence without humility. It is one thing to be intelligent. It is a greater thing to be virtuous. That is why Elmwood puts character above ability and ability above culture. In an age when education is inevitably humanist, Elmwood has tried to carry out a system of education where every subject is taught against the background of eternity, knowing full well that, as Walter Lippman says, "education founded on the secular image of man must at last destroy knowledge itself." "Man's chief end," according to the Westminster Confession of Faith, "is to glorify God and praise Him forever". To walk this world directly aware of Him, is to have found true wisdom and the true self.

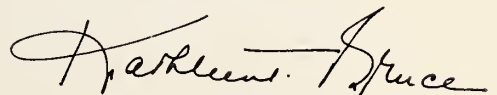
To value people for what they are rather than for what they have, deliberately to recapture the essence of childhood, deepened and enriched by the struggle of life, is to have learnt that unselfishness and sacrifice are the keys to what Traherne calls "the gates" which were "at first the end of the world" and which, pray God, may again be so for all of us.

May I recommend to your reading, at some future time in your life, a book, "The Road-maker", written by Margaret Fairless Baker "one who had not only eyes to see but true wisdom and understanding" and leave as my final thought for you her great text,

"To have faith is to create;
To have hope is to call down blessing;
To have love is to work miracles."

Affectionately,

Your Headmistress and friend,





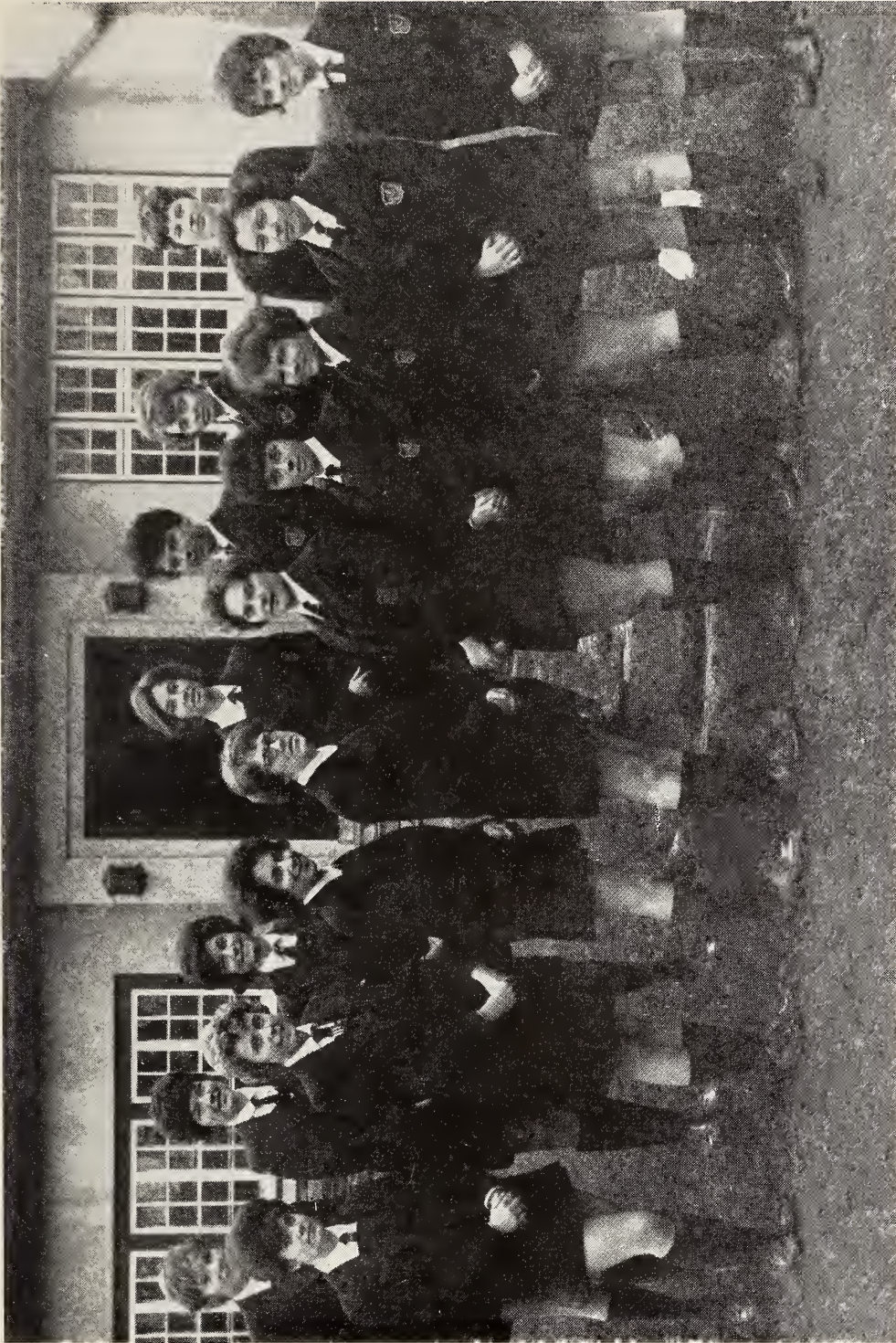
Brigid Martland, *Head Girl*, Phyllis Burk, *Head Boarder*, Sheila MacTavish, *Head Girl*.
Mrs. John Stephen — *Senior Mistress*.

Sonnet to Elmwood

With apologies to Michael Drayton

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part.
Our parents say we've had enough of thee,
But we are sad, yea, sad with all our heart
To say goodbye and leave thy company.
It's been a year we never shall forget—
Our debut on TV, the formal's fun,
And Bishop Reindorp's visit; we regret
We shed the green and wish we'd just begun.
Goodbye to Mrs. Bruce and many thanks
To her and all her staff; to prefects too
And monitors and girls in all the ranks
We sing our grateful and our sad "Adieu".
The ties of Elmwood nobody can sever
For they are ties we know will last for ever.

SHEILA AND BRIGID



MONITORS

BACK: Sandra Radcliffe, Elizabeth Raymont, Diane Nancekivell, Judy Gordon, Karen Loeb, Barbara Townend, Margaret-Ann Watson.
 FRONT: Wendy Foote, Rita Browning, Arlene Gluznan, Frances Greenfield, Lois Mulkins, Bonnie Robinson, Susan Cruikshank, Susan Arnold, Cathy McIlraith.
 ABSENT: Judy Carter, Johanne Forbes.

Editorial

CANADIANS have just finished electing Canada's 25th Parliament and all over the country candidates and their helpers are sinking back into armchairs, exhausted from the mad frenzy of the past month of campaigning.

At the same time, Elmwoodians have just ploughed through about a month of intense, sometimes hysterical cramming for final exams, and are now relaxing in the sun, letting their hectically-learned knowledge seep out again.

Both our country and our school have been, in the last few weeks, areas of concentrated energy and enthusiasm, or something like enthusiasm. But what about all the other times when we aren't having elections or exams?

Since this is a school editorial, and not one in a national newspaper, we will not discuss Canada in non-election times. But at the school it's a sad thing to have to say that only a very few keep up the exam tradition of enthusiasm and energy. Throughout the year only a very few do all the organizing and supporting, while the rest of the school apathetically vegetates, occasionally inquiring "how things are getting along" and vaguely offering to help.

Parents and teachers are always begging us to apply a little "elbow grease" or "oomph" to our work. Why don't we apply this magic formula not only to our work but to all our school activities and to everything else we do.

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

Ralph Waldo Emerson

This year has been Mrs. Bruce's last as Headmistress of Elmwood. For the past six years she has guided the school enthusiastically, and with a firm but gentle hand. Mrs. Bruce has been a good friend to all of us and we are sorry to lose her to Strathallen School in Hamilton. Our very best wishes go with her and Captain Bruce, and we hope that they will come up and visit us often.

At the same time we welcome Mrs. D. W. Blyth, another old friend of the school, to her new position as Headmistress, and we wish her the best of success.

Editor: KATY PARTRIDGE

Assistant Editor: MICHÈLE BETTS

Many thanks to Mrs. Aldous and to all those who have helped with the magazine.

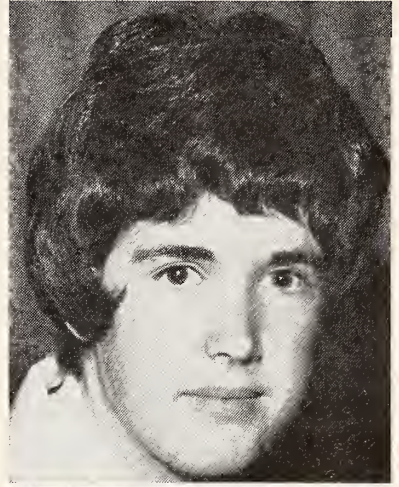
Head Girls, Prefects and Heads of Houses

Sheila MacTavish:

Sheila is one of the grand old ladies of Elmwood with a record of fourteen years of faithful service, climaxed by her last year as co-head girl.

Sadie is one of our keen horsewomen. We wouldn't be at all surprised if we saw her riding in the 1964 Olympics in Japan.

This summer she is going to Europe—Paris, Switzerland, Scotland and England. Arts at Carleton is next on the agenda. Of one thing we can be certain, there will never be a dull moment for her. Lots of luck, Sadie!



Brigid Martland:

Brigid came to us four years ago from Edmonton, an enthusiastic schoolgirl who has since proved herself and become co-head girl.

A keen actress, she has entertained us in many school productions.

She is leaving for England this summer where she will be spending a year at school. Then she will return to either Carleton or Bishop's to take Modern Languages. Bonne Chance, Brigitta!



Phyllis Burk:

This year's Head Boarder, Phil has been an Elmwoodian for three years. She has been the mainstay for many school sports teams and we may see her back at Elmwood in a few years teaching gym (to 6M—what a job!).

This summer she will spend at Tadoussac, passing ketchup bottles around as a waitress.

She then hopes to go to MacDonald College to take a teaching course, for two and perhaps four years of "slave labour". But we know she'll be a very successful slave.





Katy Partridge:

Another three year old Elmwood girl, Katy has contributed to many phases of school life.

She will spend a blistering July in Ottawa taking typing, shorthand, driving, sewing and Latin lessons—what a restful holiday! The rest of the summer will be spent at a summer cottage.

For the next few years she will be in England at a "tutorial college" and then to a British or European university taking Modern Languages. Bon Voyage, Bonne Chance, et à Bientôt, Katy P.!



Debbie Simmons:

Hailing from Toronto, Deb has been a hoarder at Elmwood for the past three years. She has been both counsellor and prefect.

This summer she is off to Europe and then she plans to go to Carleton University to take an Arts Course.

We can always find Deb's golden head hunched over her books, as she is one of 6M's harder stud:ers. With you, Deb, we send our best wishes for success and happiness.



Margot Toller:

Elmwood's other grand old lady, Sadie has trod the hallowed halls of the school for fourteen years. Another ardent studier, Sadie is one of those people who seem to do everything well and in spite of it has managed to remain popular.

After spending part of the summer in the Haliburton region, she is going to either Carleton or Bishop's next year. So whether you be in far away places or right here in Ottawa, Margot, our good wishes go with you.



Georgia Gale:

Elmwood's loss is Carleton's gain, as next year Georgia is off to this university and then probably to Western for a B.A.

This summer will be spent swimming and horse-showing and Georgia will be off to Europe the following summer.

Georgia this year has been the Head of Nightingale House and has done a good job in it as in everything else.



Sarah Garvoek:

Sarah has done a very competent job as Head of Fry—in fact Fry came first.

She has taken part in tennis, badminton and the basketball team and is fast moving in all sports, particularly badminton.

She will be in Ottawa for the summer and then off to Carleton for one year. Sarah will then be training as a nurse at the Royal Victoria Hospital. Buena Suerte, Sarah!



Roberta Hayes:

One of our liveliest officers, Ro has been this year's Head of Keller.

She hopes to get a part-time job this summer and then to travel in the United States, eventually ending up in Stowe—for a change!

Ro will be in Montreal next year at the Mother House and the year after in Austria to ski.

This winter has been a busy one for her with skiing and flying visits to Stowe. Bye and arrivederci, Ro!

School Events

The Dances

WE had four dances this year. The first one was in November. Since all the new girls did not know any boys, Sheila arranged blind dates from Ashbury. There was a good attendance, and everyone seemed to have a very enjoyable time.

The second dance was in January. It was supposed to be cancelled because it was so close to the date when Elmwood was to appear on T.V. and all the seniors were too busy to have any time to organize a dance. But the grade 10's had set their hearts on this dance and could not bear to have it cancelled. On Monday morning a small committee knocked on Mrs. Bruce's door and begged to be allowed to proceed with the dance. They volunteered to organize the dance and take all responsibility so that the seniors could be free for the T.V.

The theme of the dance was 'An Evening in Paris'. The gym was decorated in French style with a large 'Eiffel Tower' on the stage, and French signs on all the walls. It was a very successful dance and everyone went home very happy.

The third dance was in February and the theme was 'Skiing'. A large picture window of a skiing scene was placed on the stage, and we were all allowed to come in slacks and sweaters. Everyone enjoyed themselves very much and had much more fun because it was so informal. This dance was sponsored by all the boarders.

The last dance was in March, just before the Easter exams. The theme was 'Crying in the Rain'. The whole gym was decorated with blue teardrops hanging from the ceiling and there was a giant teardrop in the center. This dance was a semi-formal and all the girls looked very nice.

The entrance fee to each dance was one dollar and all the money went towards the senior formal.

We would like to thank all the girls who brought food for the dances, and we would also like to thank the Mothers' Guild for supplying all the soft drinks.

Especially thanks to all who attended the dances and to all those who were in any of the decorating and organizing committees. Thank you.

PATRICIA WATSON.

The Formal

Although Friday 13th is meant to be an unlucky day, and it was as far as weather was concerned, it turned out to be, for many of us, a night to remember. For 6 Matric the April evening started off with a dinner party given by Sheila and Brigid at the Royal Ottawa Golf Club. Then at the Formal which was held at the Country Club, Wilf Stebner provided us with a variety of enjoyable music. We were delighted to have with us three old girls: Cathy Bratton, Wendy Wilson and Margot Spry, and also several members of the staff. The evening ended with various breakfast parties which lasted till the early morning. Thanks to all those who made the Formal such a success.

DEBBIE SIMMONS.

House Days

During the second week in October, members of Fry, Keller and Nightingale decorated the gym on their respective House Days. Clever arrangements of leaves and flowers enhanced the gym while the leaders of each House spoke on their patrons. Fry placed first; Keller second; Nightingale third. After listening to these speeches, it was a simple matter to comprehend just what the Houses in Elmwood were meant to uphold—a way of life similar to that of the great women for which the Houses were named.

REESA GREENBERG.

Bishop of Guildford

The arrival of the Bishop of Guildford at Elmwood on November 1, 1961, was met with great excitement. He wore a bright purple robe and about his neck was a gold cross. On his finger he wore a ring symbolizing his position as Bishop. He carried with him his mitre which had been hand-embroidered by a friend and in which were precious jewels.

During his talk he taught us his own personal method of prayer, using the fingers of the right hand as a guide. The thumb, which is the nearest finger to the individual, symbolizes those who are dearest and closest to us. The index finger symbolizes those who point, such as teachers and clergy. The middle finger is the tallest of all five fingers. It symbolizes those who hold important posts, such as the Queen and Prime Minister and those in authority. The fourth finger symbolizes all those who are suffering in hospitals and prisons. Last, but not least, comes the little finger, the least in importance, oneself. In this way, prayer has meaning and we forget no-one.

The impression left by the Bishop was of deep devotion to God, but at the same time he radiated joy to all. His understanding manner and wonderful sense of humour, made his visit a memorable occasion, one that will not soon be forgotten.

KAREN LOEB.

Public Speaking

On November 6, 1961, the annual Public Speaking Contest was held. The judges, after a long deliberation, came to these decisions.

The winner of the Junior school was Robin Ogilvie, and honourable mention went to Fiona MacDonald.

In the Intermediate school, Ingrid Gluzman walked off with a winner's smile while Honourable Mention was given to Dorian Ellis.

Judith Carter well deserved and won the highest honour in the Senior school with her speech on 'Freedom'. Honourable mention was shared by two talented speakers, Katy Partridge and Reesa Greenberg.

It is a shame that each girl who participated could not have been chosen, as all the speeches were so good. Many thanks to those unmentioned girls, and to the winners for entertaining us that day; we enjoyed it very much.

WENDY FOOTE.

House Collections

House Collections were held on November 21st. Each House took over a corner of the gym and displayed the hand-knit baby clothes and second-hand clothes that they had collected during the year. Fry used a winter theme; Keller used blue and pink umbrellas to highlight their collection, and Nightingale cleverly displayed their baby items.

Fry was awarded first prize, with Keller placing second and Nightingale third. The items collected were given to needy families for Christmas.

REESA GREENBERG.

Christmas Party

On December 19th we held the annual Christmas Party before going home for the holidays.

Under the direction of Mrs. Wilson, the Juniors put on the play 'Angel in the Looking Glass'. Madame Betts directed a French play called 'Les Trois Nez Longs'. Judy Carter danced for us and several girls played the piano. We were visited by some of the girls from the convent, and they sang some lovely French carols.

After the concert and a singsong led by Ellie Sanders and her guitar, everyone ate a Christmas dinner with all the trimmings.

At 8 o'clock the boarders attended the 'Candlelight Service', but this year something was different. We were being televised for the program 'Hi-Time'. The lights were dimmed and we filed down the front stairs in pyjamas, holding candles. Naturally we were all a little nervous because the cameras were on us. During the service we sang carols and read passages from the Bible. The ceremony ended with the exchange of gifts.

SUE CRUIKSHANK.

Hi-Time

Elmwood made its T.V. debut this year with an appearance on the Channel 4 quiz-show 'Hi-Time', on January 16, 1962. On this program, the host school shows the viewers through the school building. The opening scenes of Elmwood were extracts taken from the boarders' Christmas Pyjama Party, and some close-ups of the Choir. Quiz-time came next, our opposition being the University of Ottawa High School, to whom we lost 70-40. On the Elmwood panel were Georgia Gale, Judy Gordon, Reesa Greenberg, and Katy Partridge. Interviews of some of our girls followed. Margie Anne Watson explained her reason for coming to school here in Ottawa, so far away from her home in Mexico City. Sheila McTavish and Brigid Martland, our headgirls, explained their responsibilities and the prefect system of running the school. Then Roberta Hayes, on Billboard, read the current and near future events linked with the School. To end the program we saw Judy Carter dance; Mrs. Martindale conduct an experiment in science with girls from 5A and 6M dissecting a cow's eye; a close-up of the French club meetings, and finally a group of 5A and 6M doing rhythmical exercises. This was not only an interesting experience for us all but also made our school better known throughout Ottawa.

DIANE NANCEKIVELL.

House Plays

The annual House Plays were held this year on the afternoon of Friday, January 30th. Mrs. D. Hicks was the adjudicator and she thought very highly of the efforts of the three houses.

Fry's play was titled "The Last Duchess". The Keller play was "The Bracelet of Doom", and Nightingale's play was "The Fatal Gazo-gene" or "Passion, Poison and Petrefaction".

Mrs. Hicks gave the best actress award to Reesa Greenberg. The runner-up was Brigid Martland and the best supporting actress was Lois Mulkins. Nightingale House placed first, Fry came second and Keller came third. The best Sound Effects went to Nightingale.

SUSAN ARNOLD.

Gym Display

The Gym Display this year was a great success. We had a large, and we hope appreciative, audience.

The Display began at 8 o'clock on the evening of Friday, March 30, with 4B and 4A square-dancing. 6M then displayed their prowess on the horse and parallel bars, and following them, 5A did rhythmical exercises. Selected athletes from 5B and 5C proved their talent for tumbling and to end the evening the remaining students from these two forms marched to the tune of 'Land of Hope and Glory', ending in the formation of a big 'E'.

Parents and friends were served refreshments by the prefects in the library, while the girls had doughnuts and soft drinks in the classrooms, after a strenuous evening. Thanks to Miss Driscoll for organizing the Display, and to Mrs. Edelsten for supplying most of the music.

MICHÈLE BETTS.

School Activities

Boarders

HERE we are again, the end of another year and a joyful one for all our 6 Matrices.

There were many new faces this year but it didn't take long to get to know them. In November we had our first dance and a few of us went all out when the record 'Up the Lazy River' was played?!? But all in all it was successful. The counsellors had an all-night pyjama party in the library the night before the Christmas holidays, but the only ones who lasted were Sheila and Brigid (boarders for a night) and Towns; unfortunately Phil fell asleep. The skiers were up bright and early Saturday mornings as of January and we were fortunate not to have any casualties. Bad luck Rob. We would like to thank our House-mothers for doing a wonderful job and for keeping our family together and especially Mom Blyth.

Counsellors' Antidotes:

We wonder why Phil is partial to Carleton?

Toronto didn't hold much for Deb this year but as for Montreal. . . .

England might be seeing Rat in September, South Kensington Jude?

Sue never missed a day of skiing, neither did she miss the 'Trail Riders'.

A certain girl won a 'Merrett' this year!

Letters, she gets stacks of letters—yours truly greger.

Thinking of taking up beach-combing Joey?

Barb learned how to do something new this winter—pulling T-bar sticks, many thanks to Gary!

Rob proved to be a conscientious member of the Canadian Ski Patrol, but as for checking tickets of Slalom, maybe the excuse was a distraction?

We counsellors would like to wish the best of luck to all those who will be in charge next year and hope the head boarder will be as good as Phil was—

BARBARA TOWNEND AND ASSISTANTS.

Choir

The Choir of 1961-62 would like to thank Mrs. Edelsten for being so very kind and patient with us. We have enjoyed working with her and have learnt a lot. We were fortunate this year to appear in a Television program, and the Choir sang 'Brother James' Air'. In the spring we sang 'All in the April Evening' and our last Choir song was 'The Lord's Prayer'. All through the year we have sung many beautiful prayers and hymns, and everyone of us is looking forward to joining the 1962-63 Choir next fall.

MARGARET ANNE WATSON.

Le French Club

Deux fois par mois nous avons eu le French Club. Quelquefois nous avons chanté des chansons françaises, écouté des poèmes, ou regardé des films français.

Il faut que tout le monde parle français pendant les rencontres du club. C'est quelquefois un peu difficile, mais toujours amusant. Le club a apparu sur le programme de télévision de 'High-Time' en janvier. Alors, nous étions des vedettes pour la première fois.

Vers la fin de mai nous avons eu la dernière rencontre du French Club pour cette année. Les jeunes filles de Saint-Joseph sont venues voir un film français—Baron Tzigane—et après, nous avons mangé un bon souper. La dernière rencontre du French Club était un succès.

MICHÈLE BETTS.

Philosophy Club

Although we started the school year on the right foot by having a meeting of the Philosophy Club on the second Friday, with Mrs. Bruce as speaker, we did not have as many meetings as we would have liked. This was partly due to special events and lack of time. However, we had some very interesting evenings with speakers Reverend M. G. Peers and the Reverend T. H. O'Driscoll.

Our discussions covered many phases of life, but we always kept in mind the omnipresence of God.

We had good attendances at all the meetings, and many thanks go to Mrs. Bruce and Mrs. Blyth for acting as speakers quite a number of times.

JINTY KNOWLING.

Skiing

This year the skiers of Elmwood enjoyed a very full season. The snow was slow in making its appearance, but this did not put a damper on the girls' enthusiasm. Our skiers boarded a school bus each Saturday morning at 9.30, and along with the Ashbury boys, headed for a full day of skiing at Camp Fortune.

At the beginning of the season conditions were slightly icy due to a lack of snow. February, however, brought heavy snowfalls and wonderful skiing conditions. The cold, although not too severe, bothered few. Warmer weather came with March, bringing along with it beautiful Spring skiing and many tanned faces.

We were very lucky this year with regard to accidents. Although there were a few sprains, we had no major fractures.

SANDY RADCLIFF.

Interschool Sports

This year, Elmwood was not able to enter the inter-scholastic Volleyball League. However, we did manage to be in the Basketball League.

Although we lost every game, the team played well, considering the facts that we hadn't had a school team for a year and the gym isn't "quite" as big as the regular high-school ones.

The girls were enthusiastic and tried hard. These games against the other schools gave us a chance to educate the younger girls in this sport and we should have a very good team next year.

SUSAN ARNOLD (School Sports Captain).

Basketball team:

S. Cruikshank, S. Arnold, S. MacTavish, M. White, S. Garvock, E. Sanders, A. Laidler, F. Greenfield, M. Aldous, P. Burk, D. Simmons, S. Radcliff, L. Mulkins, R. Browning, M. Keene, E. Raymont, J. Rodgers, J. Carter.

School Badminton Winners

Junior Singles:

Barbara Watson.

Junior Doubles:

Barbara Watson and Sue Lidington.

Senior Singles:

Sarah Garvock.

Senior Doubles:

Sarah Garvock and Rita Browning.

House Notes

House Sports

THIS year, once again, Keller came out in full force to capture the title of Volleyball and Basketball House Champions. However, Fry and Nightingale gave them a battle proving themselves worthy of their opponents. . . . Congratulations, Keller!

Many thanks to all contenders, and a special thanks to the Sport's Captains of each House. Without them the teams could not have been organized and House Sports competition would have been impossible.

Keller

School sports' captain . . . SUSAN ARNOLD

Sports' captain LOIS MULKINS

Fry

Sport's captain JUDY GORDON

Nightingale

Sports' captain SUSAN CRUIKSHANK

WENDY FOOTE.



SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM

BACK: Mardie Aldous, Phil Burk, Debbie Simmons, Sandy Radcliff, Lois Mulkins, Rita Browning, Mary Keene, Liz Raymont.

MIDDLE: Fran Greenfield, Audrey Laidler, Ellie Sanders, Sarah Garvock, Sue Cruikshank, Jane Rodger.

FRONT: Sheila MacTavish, Sue Arnold (Capt.), Martha White.



WINNING HOUSE BASKETBALL TEAM

KELLER HOUSE

BACK: Phil Burk, Rob Hayes, Sue Arnold.

FRONT: Barb Townend, Fran Greenfield, Lois Mulkins (Capt.), Brigid Martland.



WINNING HOUSE VOLLEYBALL TEAM

KELLER HOUSE

BACK: Brigid Martland, Fran Greenfield, Phil Burk, Sue Arnold.

FRONT: Barb Townend, Lois Mulkins (Capt.), Barb Greenshields, Wendy Foote.



Keller House Notes

How time flies! It seems as if I was just welcoming all of you into Keller House, and now I must say goodbye. This has been a wonderful year and I never could have fulfilled my duties as a House Head without your individual cooperation. To my Fellow Kellerites, some of whom will be leaving this year, I would like to wish the best of luck in whatever you do in the years to come. To those who will be here next year, I trust you will carry on in the spirit of Keller House. Just remember Helen Keller's creed—"Believe in God, believe in man, and believe in the powers of the Spirit", and you can fight the good fight and triumph.

Love,

Rob

Keller House Head . . . ROBERTA HAYES
House Prefect PHYLLIS BURK (Head Boarder)
Head Girl BRIGID MARTLAND
Sports Captain LOIS MULKINS

House Members:

Ruth Annis, Sue Arnold, Michele Betts, Lynn Bugden, Phyllis Burk, Barbara Fletcher, Pamela Foote, Wendy Foote, Nancy Gillan, Arlene Gluzman, Janice Greenberg, Frances Greenfield, Barbara Greenshields, Barbara Grisdale, Robin Klaehn, Jinty Knowling, Fiona MacDonald, Brigid Martland, Elizabeth Morrison, Lois Mulkins, Janice Pratley, Robin Ogilvie, Bonny Robinson, Jane Stirling, Anne Thurn, Barbara Townend, Barbara Watson, Patience Wetmore, Martha White, Roberta Hayes.

Fry House Notes

This year the majority of Fry House has been in the Intermediate School. We were glad to welcome eleven newcomers who helped us to live up to our house motto 'Friendship to all'.

There is not room here to thank each house member individually but I would like to take this opportunity to thank you as a group for the co-operation that I received throughout the year. To those who are leaving I wish the best of luck, and to next year's House Head and to those who are staying on, may I wish to you the same.

Love,

Sarah

Head of House SARAH GARVOCK
Prefect DEBBIE SIMMONS
Head Girl SHEILA MAC TAVISH
Sport's Captain JUDY GORDON

House Members:

Mardie Aldous, Jane Archambault, Natasha Archipov, Rita Browning, Emmie Callow, Anne Chaplin, Debbie Duval, Judy Gordon, Susan Gorman, Reesa Greenberg, Kit Heaman, Pamela Kingstone, Cathy Duff, Audrey Laidler, Lynn Lazarovitz, Jeannette MacDonald, Shelia MacTavish, Cathy McIlraith, Susan McPhail, Caroline Massey, Diane Nancekivell, Nancy Newman, Elizabeth Rayment, Eleanor Sanders, Debbie Simmons, Suzi Stafford, Patricia Watson, Sarah Garvock.





Nightingale House Notes

This year has not ended in complete success, but neither have we failed. Although we were not top in everything, the spirit you put into all our activities made being your House Head a rewarding job. As you know we came first in the House Plays and did very well in Public Speaking. We also came first in Sports Day and all this together with the points you made in your academic work brought us to second place at the end of the year. For those who remain I wish the best of luck and success for the coming year.

Love,

Georgia

Nightingale House Head . . . GEORGIA GALE

House Prefects

KATY PARTRIDGE, MARGOT TOLLER

Sports Captain SUE CRUIKSHANK

House Members:

Molly Blyth, Sandra Booth, Judy Carter, Sue Cruikshank, Dorian Ellis, Johanne Forbes, Ingrid Gluzman, Becky Heggveit, Janet Hehner, Mary Keene, Sue Liddington, Karen Loeb, Rosemary McAulay, Kit McMeans, Caroline Nicholson, Kerry O'Brien, Sandra Radcliff, Sharonlee Richards, Jane Rodgers, Vicki Sainsbury, Katy Scott, Penny Stephen, Sandra Turner, Margaret-Anne Watson, Georgia Gale, Katy Partridge, Margot Toller.

Form Notes

4B Form Notes

I am in Form 4B, naturally,
My hair is black, as you can see,
Sit in Fry House, that's plain as day,
I like to skate and jump and play,
I come in early every day.

Who am I?

I wear glasses, and say 'oh, brother',
I like to play the piano and sing,
In summer I go horseback riding,
In winter I sure like to ski,
I come to school in the taxi.

Who am I?

When first I came I had long hair,
Of being 'head-girl' I had my share?
I'm in Nightingale and wear bands on my teeth,
I ski a lot and have freckly cheeks,
With my fiery, Irish temper.

Who am I?

Named after a former English queen,
I like to ski but not as much as some,
I am keenly interested in 6Matric,
Always peering out the door whenever they
come.

Who am I?

An elfin face and short, brown hair,
With R.M.C. my surname I share,
I read a great deal,
Also skate, ski and swim,
In French my rolled 'r's' put them all in a spin,

Who am I?

I'm the quiet member of the class,
The others complain they can't hear me,
I play the piano and like to dance,
I have blue eyes and a hair style designed in
France.

Who am I?

4A Form Notes

DEAR ROBIN:

We miss you since you went away,
And wish you'd hurry back someday,
We're writing to tell you about us all,
We hope you will not faint or fall,
When you read the class 4A roll call.

EMILY CALLOW:

She is the one who likes to skate,
And hopes a blond boy will be her date,
Her pleasant smile at the back of the room,
Helps dispel the 4A gloom.

ANNE CHAPLIN:

She is the one with the long pony-tail,
Who likes to stare at any male,
Out of the window she does look,
Which takes her attention from the book.

SUSIE GORMAN:

She is the one with long black braids,
Who comes out tops in all her grades,
She always has the biggest yawn,
We hope she doesn't work till dawn.

BECKY HEGGVEIT:

She is the one whom every lad
To meet would be exceeding glad,
Her hair is streaked a yellowy-white,
So lately she's been quite a sight.

FIONA MACDONALD:

She is the one who is our clown,
And is never seen to wear a frown,
She played the angel in our play,
But we've seen no signs of it since that day.

ROSEMARY MCAULAY:

She is the one who's way behind us,
Except when rushing towards the bus,
Her lovely dimples and her smile
Make her efforts seem worth-while.

KIT McMEANS:

She is the one who's always in a daze,
And now is deep in the horsey phase,
She works so hard and does succeed,
That this is very good indeed.

JANICE PRATLEY:

She is the one with the short ruffled hair,
Which she always twirls when she has a
care,
She laughs and jokes most all the day,
But does her work in a very fine way.

ANNE THURN:

She is the one who finds it hard to cope
With tidiness, but we have hope,
Horses are her ruling passion,
She wishes they were more in fashion.

5C Gossip

Rumour has it that a certain Deborah Duval is headed for California this summer (Warner Bros. look out!!). . . . If my source of information is correct Suzi Stafford will be heading south too—south Carolina, that is—while Barb Watson will be going back to Mexico—bon voyage, girls. . . . It seems that Molly Blyth is off to camp this year—yours truly will be quite surprised if a lot of her time isn't put into that artistic talent of hers. . . . Sandra Turner will probably spend a good deal of her time submerged—in case you haven't guessed, she's taken up skin-diving . . . it might be just a hunch, but this 'roving reporter' thinks that Audrey Laidler will be back at her beloved Murray Bay again . . . it seems to me that Pam Foote will make a big splash in her pool . . . and of course Liz Morrison, one of our better-known socialites, will be turning the town upside-down, as usual . . . it seems to me that Katy Scott, the lone class member with the distinction of hailing from the busy metropolis of Seaforth, likes the great outdoors indoors, eh Katy? . . . Lynn Williamson, who is usually off gallivanting round the world, will probably spend the summer riding and just 'horsing' around . . . it's a well-known fact that Ruth Annis, our most weekly boarder, is at present pondering whether to return to Elmwood or to cross new frontiers and descend to Glebe . . . Robin Klaehn, our favourite Torontonion, will probably be busy looking after all those nieces and nephews—she's quite the busy little aunt nowadays and it seems that Debbie is too.

At press time Dorian Ellis had no definite plans for the summer. But she was relieved to learn that she wouldn't be shipped off to camp, again, so she expects to spend some time up at her cottage . . . ever-smiling Sue Liddington will be up at her cottage near Manotick this summer if my guess is right . . . I suspect that Nancy Newman will be getting better acquainted in her new home town St. Catharines. Knowing Nancy, I don't think it will take long for her to be well known all over town—and loved too (no comment, please) . . . Sandra will probably be putting a lot of energy into growing those beautiful finger-nails of hers while at home in Shawville . . . we'll be sure to think of Liz while she's having a blast up at that much talked-about cottage of hers . . . I think we all know one thing, that Debbie will not be doing this summer—cutting her own hair . . . while Sue will be trying just as hard as ever to tease hers—we keep it a secret from her, but it really doesn't need it, it's gorgeous as it is . . . some say (not mentioning any names) that Pam is going to try her best to grow a little, but we like her the way she is—not small, but petite . . . we're still wondering if Suzie is going to come back next year or stay south of the border.

5C has had its fun this year, and in doing so has gained a reputation for not being too angelic. Numerous fads hit us this year. One of the hardest-hitting was peroxide (the names of the victims will be left unmentioned, but it is only truthful to say that we now have a bevy of beautiful, but unnatural blondes) and one of the favourite expressions of our class was 'spaz'. But we would like to thank Miss Winkler, our form mistress, and all the other teachers for putting up with us.

On closing we send our best to Patience (Putchy) Wetmore who left us at Easter for Three Rivers High. It's not the same without you Putch! (No comment, again).

Well, fans, that's all for this year, but be sure to get the next edition of 'Modern Screen' and keep up in the news of these aforementioned celebrities.

DOROTHY KILLQUART and WALTER WINDFULL

5B Form Notes

Songs that somehow fit

MARDIE ALDOUS: Footsteps.

NATASHA ARCHIPOV: Those far-away places I've seen.

SANDRA BOOTH: The smoke gets in your eyes.

CATHY DUFF: Tell me why.

BARBARA FLETCHER: Come along with me. I'm on my way to Camp Fortune.

INGRID GLUZMAN: Skaters' Waltz.

BARBARA GREENSHIELDS: Big bad John.

BARBARA GRIZDALE: You great big beautiful doll.

KIT HEAMAN: Sleepy time doll.

JANET HEIHNER: Let's take an old fashioned walk.

JINTY KNOWLING: Beer, beer, beer—says Jinty.

JEANETTE MACDONALD: Beautiful Brown Eyes.

CAROLINE NICHOLSON: Yackity Yak—don't talk back.

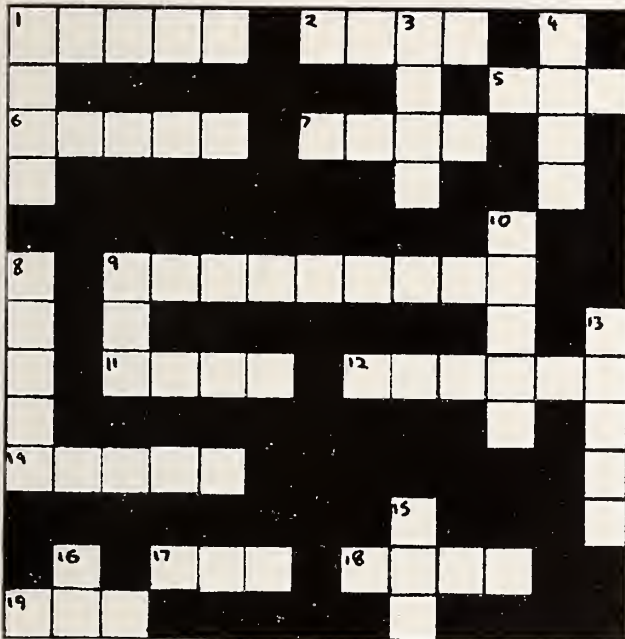
ELLIE SANDERS: Wild one.

PATSY WATSON: Learning her Latin.

MADAME BETTS: Sweet and Gentle.

INGRID GLUZMAN.

5A Form Notes



ACROSS

1. Sing Along With — — and the Gang
2. "I Love Bri!"
5. "You're Kiddin' "
6. Genii
7. Ballerina Assoluta
9. Fingernails Much?!
11. Boss Man
12. How Many Secs to the Hols?
14. Worry Wart
17. Eat Much!
18. Sterling Moss
19. "Who's in That Car?"

DOWN

1. Quite Contrary
3. Friend of Little Guys
4. Numi-Nums
8. "Thou Shalt Not Steal!"
9. Dog Derby Gal
10. "Habla Espanol?"
13. Child Prodigy ?!?
15. Ski Much!
16. Poo!!

(For answers to crossword see page 34)

6 Matric Form Notes

"A little rebellion now and then is a good thing"—Thomas Jefferson

SUE ARNOLD: "I'm de'f in one year, en I can't hear out'n de udder"—Joel Chandler Harris

RITA BROWNING: "'Do you spell it with a 'V' or a 'W'?' inquired the judge. 'that depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my Lord' replied Sam"—Charles Dickens

PHYLLIS BURK: "And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep"—Charles Kingsley

JOHANNE FORBES: "Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow"—Thomas Campion

GEORGIA GALE: "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"—'Richard III'

SARAH GARVOCK: "Away with him! away with him! He speaks Latin!"—'Henry VI, pt. I'

ARLENE GLUZMAN: "What, me worry?"—Alfred E. Neuman

JUDY GORDON: "I can resist anything except temptation"—Oscar Wilde

FRAN GREENFIELD: "To spend too much time
in studies is sloth"—Francis Bacon

ROBERTA HAYES: "Mountains are the beginning
and the end of all natural scenery"—John
Ruskin

SHIELA MACTAVISH: "I like work; it fascinates
me. I can sit and look at it for hours"—
Jerome K. Jerome

BRIGID MARTLÁND: "Silence is the virtue of
fools"—Francis Bacon

CATHY McILRAITH: "I have been five minutes
too late all my life"—Hannah Cowley

LOIS MULKINS: "Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad; The Rule of three doth

puzzle me, And Practice drives me mad"—
Anonymous

KATY PARTRIDGE: "That all-softening, over-
powering knell, That tocsin of the soul—
the dinner-bell"—Lord Byron

DEBBIE SIMMONS: "Experience is the name
everyone gives to his mistakes"—Oscar
Wilde

MARGOT TOLLER: "The more I see of men, the
more I admire dogs"—Madame de Sévigné

BARBARA TOWNEND: "For thee, Tobacco, I
would do anything but die"—Charles Lamb

MARTHA WHITE: "'Tis a mad world, my mas-
ters"—John Taylor



6 MATRIC

BACK: Sarah Garvock, Arlene Gluzman, Cathy McIlraith, Sue Arnold, Katy Partridge, Rita Browning, Lois Mulkins, Fran Greenfield, Barb Townend, Martha White, Judy Gordon.

FRONT: Phil Burk, Margot Toller, Sheila MacTavish, Brigid Martland, Debbie Simmons, Roberta Hayes, Georgia Gale.

Sonnet to 6M

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee in the murders of Macbeth,
In all those scenes of blood and night and
death.

I love thee in the Queen-Moon's starry fays
I love thee in the ballads of old days
And in the last of Maggie's drowning breath.

I love thee in the beauty and the faith
Of Autumn's mellow, misty, moisty haze.
I love thee in the ode and epigram
And in the essay, cliché and the pun.
I love thee in that dreadful "word" exam.
That was not done when it was madly done.
I love thee very dearly and I am
Saddened to see the end of all our fun.

Literary Section

United Nations' Day

October 24, 1961

Proud and breeze-whipped, a hundred and two banners tug at their ropes, as though impatient to get on with the world's most important business—peace.

They paint a rippling band of colour across the main building of the headquarters of the United Nations. One hundred and one of them fly at equal height. The alphabet alone determines their position in the graceful arch. But higher still we find the flag of the United Nations itself, supreme above them all. In the middle of this pale blue flag is the globe seen from the north pole. The blue stands for human dignity and the olive branch which encircles the globe stands for peace. The United Nations is a strongly organized group of countries trying to solve the world's problems. The people of the United Nations are determined to try to save the future generations from the fate of war.

To achieve this end the United Nations' purposes and principles are 1) to maintain peace and security; 2) to develop friendly relations between nations; 3) to co-operate internally, and 4) to be the centre for the actions of all nations.

The United Nations officially came into existence on October 24th, 1945 when members from 50 countries pledged their governments to form an assembly and to work together in all difficulties. October 24th is now a universal celebration called United Nations' Day.

ANN THURN.

The United Nations—Battlefield of Peace

On June 26, 1945, representatives from 50 countries met in San Francisco, to sign the charter of the United Nations. The actual date on which the charter came into effect was October 24, of that same year.

Its predecessor was the League of Nations, begun in 1919. However, because of the League's failure to keep the peace, it was dissolved and this new organization was formed to take its place, in the hope that it would be able to attain that goal.

There have been other world organizations with the same objective—Augustus sought security for his Roman world through 'Justice', Gregory sought it through 'Christian Brotherhood', Napoleon through 'Law' and the Grand Army, Metternick through 'Legitimacy' and Woodrow Wilson through 'Democracy'. But, the San Francisco conference sought security through security. It stressed the ultimate goal rather than the means.

The ideals of the U.N. are not new, they stretch into the very depths of history. They echo and amplify the liberties of the Magna Carta. They strive to give a frame to the pictures drawn by the prophets and sages of yesteryear.

There are six principal organs of the U.N. The first is the General Assembly. This is the main parliament in which each member has a single vote without a veto or other special privileges. This assembly forms resolutions, not orders. The second is the security council which has five permanent members: the U.K., the U.S., the U.S.S.R., Nationalist China and France. There are six other members which are elected every two years. Here, in the security council the veto principle applies, but may be exercised only by the five great powers. The third is the economic and social council which is made up of 18 members concerned with economic and social problems and their solutions. The fourth is the international court of justice located at The Hague and comprised of distinguished judges from member countries of the U.N. It is primarily set up to settle disputes between nations and to give advisory opinion to the other bodies of the organization. The fifth is the trusteeship which regulates the trust territories, which were taken from the

defeated nations in the two world wars. Some of these were known as mandates under the now defunct League of Nations. Finally, the sixth main body is the secretariat which has a working staff of from 3-4000 persons administered by the secretary-general and eight principal assistants. Most of the secretariat works at the U.N. headquarters in New York but many others are employed at the European headquarters in Geneva, regional commands and information centres of the world.

In addition to the six main organs there are twelve lesser branches followed by various commissions. These other bodies are designed to carry out the policies of the six main organs. Some of them that are better known to us are: the World Health Organization, the Food and Agricultural Organization, the International Bank and the International Monetary Fund. These organizations bring food, medical supplies, machinery, teachers, new methods of agriculture and training to all sorts of under-developed countries.

There have been many problems that have plagued the U.N. in the years since its beginning. Canada has played a fairly large part in the solving of these problems. She has sent troops to Iraq and Jordan (as part of the U.N. emergency force), Suez and the Congo. The gravest of these problems at the present time are Berlin, Laos and the Congo situation. The person on whom the weight of all these problems falls is the secretary-general.

When Trygve Lie was the holder of that office from 1946-53, the post was not as important as it subsequently became when the late Dag Hammarskjöld was in office. When Mr. Hammarskjöld was elected to that post in '53 he was little known in world politics. But in the eight years since then he has raised its prestige and significance. He himself, smoothed over many explosive disputes between the eastern and western powers. When the U.N. decided to send an emergency force into the Congo last year to preserve law and order, as was requested by the Republic of the Congo, the Soviet bloc demanded his resignation. He said that he would resign only if the other

member countries wished it. They didn't, and Mr. Hammarskjöld remained in the post. After that the Russians tried various methods to have him ousted but failed. Their last effort was to introduce the troika to replace the one-man secretariat. This troika would give the leadership of the U.N. to a three-man committee. One man would represent the Soviet bloc, another the Western nations, and a third the neutralist countries. As each man would have a separate veto, this would defeat the whole purpose of the U.N.

In September of this year, while Mr. Hammarskjöld was on his way to Ndola to negotiate the settlement of the Congo crisis, his plane crashed, killing all aboard. When the news of his death was announced on the front pages of the newspapers of the world, nations were stunned by the shock. People wept openly. The man who was the best known symbol of peace was dead. At first the U.N. was in chaos and it was doubtful for a time if the organization would survive without this great man to lead it through its trials and tribulations. It was thought that the U.N. would never again regain its former status. However, now the U.S. and Russia have agreed on a candidate from Burma for the position of secretary-general, and it is slowly getting back on its feet.

United Nations Day is both a symbol and a challenge. It symbolizes the partnership of peoples working together for the common good. The U.N. is the world's only hope for a lasting peace, and its challenge is to make the partnership so effective that peace and prosperity shall prevail.

SUSAN ARNOLD.

Ode from a Frustrated Poet

Oh! for a muse of thought that I may write
This poem that was assigned to me tonight.
My weary thoughts have wandered far and
wide
From morning light to evening shade I think—
To find a topic I could view with pride.

However will I find some words that link,
 And are the proper words to fit the rhyme?
 But all the words that come to mind in time
 Are always ones that are not de rigueur,
 But rather ones that poets would abjure.
 I therefore wish upon my lucky star
 That these sad days and nights are very far,
 Or never, when my task is to compose
 A poem; for I much prefer the prose.

SHEILA MAC TAVISH, 6M.

A Display of Fireworks

The night was dark and silent. There was no breeze and none of the sounds of nature that are common to the ear. The mountain was quiet, much too quiet.

In the small village, at the foot of this gigantic mound of rock, the villagers were going about their way, as usual, laughing, singing and fighting, some of them having consumed too much liquor. None of them seemed to notice the peculiar silence that had fallen on the mountain, and why should they?—for it was Saturday night and they had all just been paid and their work was over for the week. They were making the best of it, as they always did on Saturday night. Even the little children, who were usually in bed at this time on week days, were running in the streets, laughing and playing with balls and games. Suddenly there was a rumble, like the sound of far-away thunder. The villagers all looked up from what they were doing. Why, it was too lovely an evening for a storm and there were no dark clouds in the evening sky. Many thoughts must have raced through their minds at that moment. Then, as if their minds were all combined, everyone's eyes rose with a searching glance to the mountain. The dirty, blackish smoke which rose every day was not there any more! A red crimson mass of flame had taken its place. The villagers, all terrified, turned and ran for their homes, but before many of the people reached them another rumble came, another and then another. It was on this third rumble that the hot pit of molten rock blew

up. Scalding hot boulders and pieces of rock went hurtling hundreds of feet into the sky. Hot lava was spurting in all directions. The mountain had split in three places and these places formed enormous cracks stretching from base to peak of this fiery pit. The molten lava came flowing through these cracks like water running full speed from a tap, smothering the whole village. An enormous flame had now risen from the steaming pit, fifty times as big as the crimson mass seen before by the villagers. This flame was shooting sparks so high that they were lost into the night. The village that had once been so gay and carefree was now gone—smothered by a red-hot blanket, almost as if it were sheltered from all the cold and dark of the night, lying still, as it would for years to come. But the old mountain would still be there, cracked as it was, waiting, waiting for another time to ruin and destroy, for the elements of the earth are very unreliable.

CAROLINE MASSEY, 5A

A Queer Name

This is a true story of how Canada's big, famous copper mine in Manitoba was named. The name of the great mining town is Flin-Flon. Today many minerals such as copper, zinc, cadmium, gold and other rare metals are produced there.

This story takes place around the time of the first world war. It is about some prospectors who came upon an old trapper's cabin. In the cabin, among other things, they found a cheap paper-back novel entitled the 'Sunless City'. One of the characters in the novel was a man called Flinotin Flonneroy who had discovered a treasure. The prospectors took turns reading the book, and when they had discussed it, they thought it might be a good omen, so they decided to search for gold nearby.

They were successful, as we know, and the town that grew up where the gold and copper was found was called Flin-Flon, a shortened form of Flinotin Flonneroy.

KIT McMEANS, 4A.

The Storm

It was a few minutes past noon. The water lay still in an uneasy calm. Then, like a child awaiting his first snowfall of the season, it began to grow impatient. Small angry ripples began to form and then rapidly they developed into turbulent waves. The water began to swell and it looked as if it would break loose from the invisible bonds that held it in place. The waves were crowned with white-caps which appeared to be mocking the murky waters with twisted grins. The crashing noise made by the waves was like an orchestra without a conductor in which all the instruments were playing as loudly as possible. Suddenly the waters began to tire of their sport and diminished quickly into small sleepy ripples which lapped gently against the shore. Peace had returned and once again the ocean slept.

BRIGID MARTLAND, 6M.

The Longest Day I Can Remember

The year is 2050. I have just been sent up by the Royal Canadian Air Force Time Machine Division, so here I am, floating out over the gigantic map of hundrdes of years ago and the not too distant past.

In 1961 I can see the first struggling efforts of the Russians and the Americans to try to put *one* human being on the moon. How silly can you get! The moon's only a short distance away from us! Now we have settlements in Mars, Venus, Saturn, and a small colony on the Sun. Oh well, struggling young scientists will be like that!

1920 was really a fabulous time it seems. The Charleston looked like fun, but it must have taken an awful lot of energy to do it for very long. I love the dresses they wore, with all the fringes on them. They were the rage again quite a while ago, I believe, in 1983.

1890 seemed to be a time when children had to be very well disciplined. The high-buttoned shoes and starched white collars really looked smart though.

Suddenly my time machine jerked or something and I went back a while longer. I saw some poor man with his head in a wooden contraption. I left before I saw anything, but I can guess what happened.

I saw colourful gypsies in their caravans, noisy markets in tiny villages, men ploughing their rich, brown fields, and many other interesting things, as I flew over this wide map of history. It was so interesting that I just hated to leave, but when the small purple button next to me banged the chime which signified I must leave, I was not really too sorry to go.

I guess I'm just an old homebody. The day seemed long because I went so far back into history, but if I'm ever called to do it again, I think I would. Would you?

DEBBIE DUVAL, 5C.

Christmas

One thing we can be sure of on Christmas Day is a full-scale battle between the turkey and my father, with odds on the turkey. Father plans the attack first by sharpening his sword. Next he surveys the property and picks the quickest and easiest way through, so he thinks. However, the turkey is a wise bird and keeps himself in good shape—full of sinews. The sword is plunged into the enemy but it recoils from the tough mass it hits. Father strikes again and yet again, but alas, the sword is blunt. It is sharpened to an extremely fine point. After several attacks and retreats—a victory! One drumstick is lifted carefully from the platter and placed on the plate by a beaming head of the family.

JUDITH CARTER, 5A.

Pride

What is pride?

According to the dictionary it is "inordinate self-esteem or a high and overweening opinion of one's own qualities, attainments or estate". One man defined it as "a pleasure

arising from man's thinking too highly of himself", while another thought of it as an "established conviction of one's own paramount worth in some particular respect".

This, of course, is all very true, but to me pride is something more—something I can't quite explain or understand. Often, while in a pensive mood, I have pondered whether pride is good or evil, and, after much deliberation, I have decided that it can be both.

Pride is something that keeps us from apologizing to a friend after doing something wrong and hurting the other's feelings. Therefore, pride can cause pain and unhappiness. This is what was meant by Elizabeth Morrow when she said:

My friend and I have built a wall
Between us thick and wide:
The stones of it are laid in scorn
And plastered high with pride.

But, naturally, this is not the only type of pride. I am sure that we have all been told at one time or another to "take pride in our appearance". This does not mean that we should feel superior simply because we may have longer eyelashes or a better figure than someone else, but to keep ourselves tidy and respectable in appearance.

Some people are proud of themselves because they were born with white skin, or their great-grandfather was a famous statesman. This is not true pride, but conceit and narrow-mindedness. People can be justly proud of themselves only when they have accomplished something worth-while by themselves, not when an ancestor did it. Many misunderstand what pride is. They think that it is snobbishness and conceit, while it is nothing of the sort. When a job is well done it is only natural to feel proud and satisfied and I can see no sin in this.

Each and every one of us has pride, whether we admit it or not. If there were no such thing as pride, what kind of people would we be? I think the answer is that we would be weak-minded, unsatisfied and ashamed of all our

accomplishments and belongings. By this I do not mean that we should "look down our noses" at people less fortunate than ourselves, but that we should realize our good and bad qualities.

At all times we should remember that "pride goes before a fall" and that none of us is infallible. In fact, the Bible says: "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Through pride we gain self-confidence, which helps us in every way to better our personalities. If we take pride in our work, when a mistake is made we are all the more anxious to correct it.

Therefore, pride can be a virtue as well as a sin. I think Alexander Pope was only partially correct when he said:

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

DORIAN ELLIS, 5C.

Ghosts I Should Like to Meet

Most people nowadays say there are no such things as ghosts. But they're wrong. Of course there are ghosts; very interesting ones too. I'd love to meet a ghost—not just any ghost but one that had background and personality.

For instance, I'd like to meet Marie Antoinette, the last French queen. Beautiful, ill-fated and the pampered bride of a charming, spineless king, her story would be one to hear. The first hand story of one of the bloodiest and most famous of all revolutions, the "Reign of Terror", would be fascinating, especially if told by one of its direct causes. For Marie Antoinette, lovely as she was, certainly was the irrationally extravagant woman who, to pay for her fabulous clothes, jewels and whims, necessitated the raising of taxes, causing the poor people of Paris to be brought down to the level of starvation. But she died a miserable death at the hand of another famous lady, Madame le Guillotine.

Another ghost, this time a twentieth century ghost, who would be interesting to run into on a dark, wild night, is Adolf Hitler. He was indirectly responsible for an unaccountable number of millions of deaths through another whim, to rule the world. But credit must be given to Hitler for the way in which he rose from a poor farm boy to a man who overran about half of Europe in pursuit of his ambitions.

But I would really like to meet a ghost who was filmy white and had bony hands, in a dark haunted house. The wind would be blowing, making a loose shutter bang back and forth creating a deathly echo. My dream ghost would float through a wall and with a blood curdling scream I would tear out of the house, never to return—just as they do in books.

CAROLINE NICHOLSON, 5B.

Making a Dime Go a Long Way

One morning three years ago, I opened my eyes slowly, due to the strong sun streaming in my window. I remembered that today was the day I got my allowance. At this time I did not think ten cents was nearly enough money, but it did get me through the week once in a while. This week I decided to try and get more out of my dime than usual.

Starting down the street I met my friend, Julie, with her new doll. Looking at the doll I suddenly fell in love with her, and I asked Julie if she would like my dime for her doll. At the time we did not know the value of money, and Julie said it would be all right if I took good care of the doll. I thanked her and taking the doll in my arms, walked down the street smiling happily. As I went past the Junkyard, I saw a small white kitten sitting on a clump of grass. I hoped that someone had left it there because he did not want it. An idea of making another exchange struck me. I kissed the doll, and sat her on a mattress. I picked up the kitten, and walked home. After that I thought that I'd made a dime go a long way.

VICKI SAINSBURY, 4B.

Doomsday

It was seven o'clock. She had only an hour. An hour until doomsday. She began pacing up and down nervously. Her stomach was not feeling its best as she had hardly a bite to eat all day. She realized she must get a hold of herself. Others had done it before her and had lived through it. It would only last a few hours and then she could return to her cozy bed which looked more inviting than ever at that moment. Seven-thirty—another half-hour. Her throat felt dry. Perhaps she was becoming sick and would not be able to go through with it. Then suddenly there was a ring at the door. She heard footsteps coming slowly up the stairs. Then a voice cried out—"Susan, he's here." She took a deep breath and walked downstairs, feeling like a condemned prisoner going to execution. It was her first date!

MARGOT TOLLER, 6M.

The Road at Night

I was told never to go near the road at night. Of course, when a child is told not to do a thing, she immediately has the desire to do it. I am a typical child.

The night was warm as I started out on my explorations. A gentle breeze whispered to the trees, who shook their branches with laughter. Upon the dew-tipped grass the moon cast its image. Crickets chirped monotonously and an occasional "grumph" was heard from a disgruntled frog.

Feeling the eeriness of the road as I walked along, I began to whistle rather tunelessly. My whistling, however, contrasted awkwardly with the silence of the road, so I stopped.

At once I heard a small tinkling of a bell and the distant rumble of wheels. Quickly I darted behind a hedge.

The scene before me was one of enchantment. A fairy caravan was being pulled by a little bay pony, who pranced gaily and shook his head as he pulled the caravan down the lane.

Millions of tiny fireflies flitted around and rainbow-winged fairies danced merrily around the pony and tickled his ears.

The driver was a grey squirrel, who had a bandana tied like a gypsy and played a mouth-organ, which, as they drew nearer, I noticed was made of a honeycomb. From this minute instrument gay music filled the air.

Suddenly a firefly landed on the pony's nose. I was reminded of "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer", and I laughed at the comical sight.

The spell was broken! The little folk, unaware of my presence, immediately disappeared. The fireflies extinguished themselves. The caravan, flying down the road, left behind the haunting echo "Naughty child! Naughty wicked child!" ringing in my ears.

I was so filled with remorse that I vowed never to go on the road at night again.

JINTY KNOWLING, 5B.

It Never Rains But It Pours

Gerry Austin was an unsuccessful author. He had written hundreds of short stores but they had not as yet, been accepted by any publisher. Gerry was philosophical about it and kept sending them to different publishers, saying "some day they will wise up and know talent when they see it".

Meanwhile he was living in a cheap, cold, uncomfortable rooming house. He existed on sandwiches for breakfast, lunch and supper.

At the present he was working on his latest big novel. He was confident that it would be published and then he would be a great success.

His sister came in every evening to type it for him and put it in a plastic binder for safe-keeping.

One Tuesday morning, Gerry was sitting in the library working when he became conscious of a man standing behind him.

He recognized him as Victor S. Bennet, the famous and wealthy publisher. He said that he had read what Gerry had written and liked it so if the rest was just as good he would undertake to publish it.

Only one month later the book was published and a week later it was a best seller.

As soon as his novel made the headlines, publishers from all over demanded that they be allowed to publish his stories.

He received eighty-seven letters in one week, and, as Gerry said happily "it never rains but it pours".

ANNE CHAPLIN, 4A.

I Read It When I Was Very Young

I read it when I was very young. To be precise it was eleven years ago. It was given to me for my birthday by my uncle. It was quite a small book covered in red leather and the edges were ornamented with a design in gold. The pages, I remember, were quite thin, the writing of medium size. Now and again there was a sketch in black and white illustrating a line in the story.

I used to read a chapter a day. Some at school, some at home. At night, my mother read a paragraph or two to me before I went to sleep.

I enjoyed every word written in the book. Every character came to life and I felt that each one was my friend. Since I was small I have read this book quite a number of times. Each time something is discovered which remained untouched before. Some underlying meaning becomes clear or one is able to read between the lines and discover the mind of the writer. Once this can be done all sorts of possibilities are opened up in the story. Motives are thought out and proved; each event in the story really means something now.

This book gave much to me when I was small. It gave me a love of animals and their ways, and a love of the beauty of nature. It taught me to understand right from wrong and to show kindness and love to my enemies.

The author was Kenneth Grahame, the book, 'The Wind in the Willows'. I read it first when I was very young.

JUDITH CARTER, 5A.

The Mysterious Woman

I am twenty years old and my sister is seventeen. We are keeping house because our parents are in Toronto for a week. One particular night my sister told me she was going to see some friends, and didn't say when she would be back. I went to bed early that night and locked the door because my sister had her own key. During the night I woke up because I thought I heard a noise of something trying to get in. It couldn't be my sister because she had her own key and she could ring the doorbell. I tried to convince myself it was just the wind. Later on that night I was awakened again by the same kind of a noise. I got out of bed, looked out of the window and saw someone run around the house. By now I was really scared. I wondered whether I should phone my sister. On the other hand she panics, so I decided not to bother. As I was getting my slippers on I heard the noise again. I was sure I heard someone trying to open a window. The first thing that came to my mind was Daddy's gun. I remembered cleaning out Daddy's desk drawer and seeing the gun in it. Coming down the stairs I heard the person at the door. I ran to the den, grabbed the gun from the drawer, and slowly started walking towards the door with the gun in my hand. My head was beating so fast I thought it would explode. Slowly I unlocked the door. There was someone standing in the dark near the door. Before thinking I pulled the trigger but fortunately the gun was empty. Then my sister walked in. I almost fainted.

After a cup of coffee I asked her why she didn't ring the doorbell. She told me it had been broken for the last week or so. She also told me she had forgotten her key and had tried to wake me by making a great deal of noise.

From now on my sister has her key when she goes out, and the doorbell is fixed.

KERRY O'BRIEN, 4B.

Canada's Centenary in 1967

Canada's centenary,—will it be grand or grotesque? How do Canadians really feel about the centenary? What would they like to see done? It is these questions that I hope to answer.

One editor from the 'Financial Post' asked men and women from different walks of life how they felt about Canada's planned Centenary in 1967. Some of their answers were as follows:

"The fact that Canada has survived as a nation for nearly 100 years is something to celebrate in itself," was the answer of a senior business executive.

"My feeling is that Canadians are rather apathetic and unimaginative about it all," said a correspondent who had made a survey of his own among businessmen and civic officials.

"My heart just wouldn't be in congratulating ourselves. Canadians have been a sloppy people. For the last twenty years we have been living off the fat of the land with no competition."

and,

"We've had a lot of centenary suggestions. There's one thing they add up to: dollar bills," were the replies of two young business men. The mayor of a city of 75,000 made the following retort:

"Wait until I'm re-elected . . . then we'll talk about it."

Apathetic, slow, selfish, insignificant, indecisive, cynical, short-sighted, dull, hesitant and unimaginative was the general train of thought, although current birthday ideas range from shooting off fireworks from a Banff mountain top to building a model city in the Maritimes. There are many provinces who have put forth very imaginative ideas.

One Maritimer would like to see all statues and public buildings in Canada illuminated by flood-lights for one year beginning July 1, 1967. There are ideas of deep social significance

such as centennial homes for the aged, and women's groups have urged Canada to donate \$15,000,000 to help eradicate leprosy. The Canadian Indians are said to be practising traditional dances, expecting 1967 to be the busiest year for them since the white man came.

It has also been suggested that there be an exchange of language teachers between French and English Canada to make bilingualism work. One Maritimer said that he would give grants to newspapermen and broadcasters so that they could travel in Canada in 1967 and become familiar with the nation. Many books are being written for the occasion. Dr. H. C. MacDermot of Montreal is writing a book '100 Years in Canadian Medicine'. Music Festivals are being planned, as well as art exhibitions. Canadian clergy are considering a specially written service to be used on important occasions in 1967 by all denominations in the Canadian Council of Churches. This year should be a great one for tourism. More than a dozen international associations already have picked Canada for 1967 meetings. One industrial designer thinks a distinctive emblem should be placed on every product made in 1967. Film producers have been planning for this year, and six associations have signed film contracts, and another forty are considering it. Most of the work so far on the Centenary has been done by centenary organizations, but there is still a great deal of work left to be tackled in the next five years.

How can we succeed? How can we make Canada's Centenary in 1967 remembered not only by our own generation, but by generations to come? Planning a Centenary is a great undertaking and the tedious details of finances, administration, co-ordination, and production were summed up by one Ontario clergyman who observed:

"Planning the Centenary is like making maple syrup. It takes an awful lot of sap to distill a gallon of syrup."

ARLENE GLUZMAN.

At the Railway Station

It was a damp, foggy Sunday afternoon in the village of Sleepy Ridge. As usual all was quiet so I settled down with an interesting book in a comfortable arm-chair in front of the fire.

I began to read, but the book did not gain my interest, and my thoughts began to wander. Tossing the book aside, I got up from my chair and went out into the cold, damp fog. As I walked over muddy country lanes, this thought occurred to me: "Louise, what a complete fool you are to be out walking on a day like this when you could be in your comfortable cottage." But no, I did not want to go to the beach, because there would not be anything to do, so I walked on until I came to the railway station, if you could call it that. It was little more than a wooden hut covering a small area, but it served the villagers of Sleepy Ridge well.

I looked in the station, and I noticed three people standing and moving their hands about in an excited manner. As I looked more closely I saw a middle-aged couple dressed rather strangely, trying to communicate with the railway clerk.

I recognized the language that the couple were speaking as Spanish. So I offered to try to speak to these people with my limited high school Spanish vocabulary. Between it, and gestures, I learned that they were Cubano, escaping from the reign of Castro and Communism. They were on their way to Ottawa, but they certainly had got off at the wrong railway station, so that was why they were in Sleepy Ridge. While we carried on our conversation, the railway clerk just stood by scratching his head in amazement, because he had never heard Spanish spoken before.

I offered the refugees the guest-room in my cottage until Monday, when they could catch another train for Ottawa.

And so we walked happily back to the cottage. They were already anticipating their free days in Canada, and I was happy because my quiet Sunday had ended. We walked away from the railway station, and disappeared into the fog.

JEANETTE MACDONALD, 5B.

Choir

This is the place, I thought, reaching the door. I hesitantly opened it. For the fifth time I was late. Now I knew I was in for it. The people in green stood around and glared at me. One scratched an ominous black mark by my name on a piece of paper. Quickly I was told to get into a corner. Immediately I was handed a manuscript. It wasn't like the one I had had before—it was a '2nd Sop.'. Oh dear! What was I going to do—after being a '1st Sop.' yesterday. It wasn't a very good feeling to be degraded. Then a loud noise was heard; suddenly a green arm was pointing at me and an angry voice was telling me to open my mouth. Panic wasn't the word—quickly . . . quickly . . . somebody help me . . . the sweat pouring down my face, my hands shaking, my stomach turning cartwheels . . . how *was* I going to reach that high A?

ELIZABETH RAYMONT, 5A.

A Desert Story

The Egyptian desert is quite lonely and monotonous. It is very easy for one's mind to play tricks on one.

During the recent trouble in the east something happened which is very difficult to explain.

Two Canadian soldiers had been put in the Camel Corps, on patrol duty. Their job was to patrol the border line between the two warring countries and report on any action that they might see.

One day after an especially long patrol a sand storm blew up.

The camels on which they were riding became lost and just walked around in large circles, looking for the way back to headquarters. The two soldiers, weary from the long day, became angry.

One of the men who was very nervous thought he heard his partner counting, and the monotonous drone of the counting began to affect his nerves; he yelled to his partner to stop but it still went on.

After several hours of this he became so angry that he pulled out his gun and shot his partner.

However, the counting continued in his mind. He became more and more upset until he shot his partner's camel thinking that the camel was responsible for the counting.

When that had no effect he dismounted and shot his own camel.

Even then the counting continued in his ears. All alone, he decided he must be going insane. In despair, he sat down on the sand to have a cigarette; upon pulling out his package of cigarettes, he saw these words:

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS.

NANCY GILLAN, 4B.

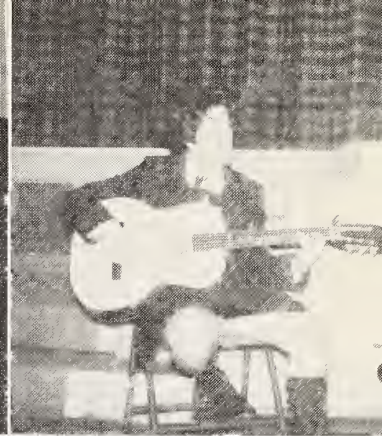
Sonnet

Despite his inexperience, the youth
Is confident. He knows that he is right,
Knows all our imperfections. By his truth
(He clutched and loved the first doctrine
whose light
Dawned dimly in his eyes) he plans his dream
To rearrange our lives, utopian.
He acts in eagerness, and so extreme
That Age in wonder watches. In the sand
Youth futilely constructs. His castles grow
To him, and seem so great. Yet Age can see.
A turret falls, and Youth's bright face falls,
too—
The first discouragement which sets Youth
free.
The other towers crash. Becoming old
Youth, standing once, leans back, now grimly
cold.

KATY PARTRIDGE, 6M.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

- | | | | | | | |
|----------|--------------|------------|----------|---------|-----------|-----------|
| 1. Mitch | 6. Reesa | 11. Emma | 17. Lyn | 1. Mary | 8. Crooks | 13. Wendy |
| 2. Marg | 7. Judy | 12. Bonnie | 18. Jane | 3. Rodg | 9. Sue | 15. Rad |
| 5. Jan | 9. Sharonlee | 14. Karen | 19. Liz | 4. Mass | 10. Penny | 16. Di |





ELMWOOD CLOSING, JUNE 12, 1962

Guest Speaker: THE REV. CANON C. L. G. BRUCE

Academic Prizes presented by: MRS. D. W. BLYTH and MRS. D. K. MAC TAVISH

Sports Prizes presented by: MR. G. PERLEY-ROBERTSON, Q.C.

FORM PRIZES:

Awarded for the highest average for the year.

FORM 4B: Jane Archambault

FORM 4A: Janice Pratley

FORM 5C: Dorian Ellis

FORM 5B: Caroline Nicholson

FORM 5A: Michele Betts

FORM 6M: Katy Partridge, by revision to Rita Browning

PROFICIENCY STANDING:

Over 80%, and including 5B.

Over 75%, 5A and 6 Matric.

FORM 5C: Ruth Annis, Debbie Duval, Audrey Laidler, Susan Stafford

FORM 5A: Reesa Greenberg, Karen Loeb, Susan MacPhail, Lynn Lazarovitz, Sandra Radcliff, Mary Keene

IMPROVEMENT MEDALS:

Awards to girls who have made a good improvement over last year's average and have not won a proficiency prize.

FORM 5C: Katy Scott

FORM 6M: Johanne Forbes

JUNIOR DRAMATICS:

Fiona MacDonald

INTERMEDIATE DRAMATICS:

House Plays: Ingrid Gluzman

SENIOR DRAMATICS:

House Plays: Reesa Greenberg

JUNIOR ART:

Jane Archambault

JUNIOR SCRIPTURE:

FORM 4B: Pamela Kingstone

FORM 4A: Ann Thurn

INTERMEDIATE SCRIPTURE:

FORM 5B: Jeanette MacDonald

SENIOR SCRIPTURE:

FORM 5A: Susan MacPhail

JUNIOR MUSIC:

Ann Thurn

INTERMEDIATE MUSIC:

Kit McMeans

**THE MOTHERS' GUILD
JUNIOR SPEAKING PRIZE:**

Robin Ogilvie

**THE MOTHERS' GUILD
INTERMEDIATE SPEAKING PRIZE:**

Ingrid Gluzman

**THE MOTHERS' GUILD
SENIOR SPEAKING PRIZE:**

Judy Carter

STRAUSS CUP FOR SENIOR POETRY

Katy Partridge

Hon. Mention: Jinty Knowling

Hon. Mention: Jane Archambault

INTERMEDIATE MATHEMATICS PRIZE:

FORM 5C: Debbie Duval

**THE SOUTHAM CUP FOR JUNIOR HIGH
ENDEAVOUR:**

Awarded for the highest endeavour in all phases of school life in the Junior School. It is the equivalent of the Summa Summarum in the Senior School. It is given to the girl who best lives up to the ideals of Elmwood, who shows leadership, good standing in her class, keenness in sports, and friendliness and helpfulness to others in the school. It is always hoped that the girl to whom it is awarded will go on to win the Summa Summarum.

Janice Pratley

HOUSE HEAD AWARDS:

FRY: Sarah Garvock

NIGHTINGALE: Georgia Gale

KELLER: Roberta Hayes

SENIOR LANGUAGE PRIZE:

Brigid Martland

MATRICULATION FRENCH PRIZE:

Reesa Greenberg

**THE EDITH BUCK MATRICULATION
HISTORY PRIZE:**

Rita Browning

MATRICULATION ENGLISH PRIZE:

Margot Toller, Judy Gordon

THE EDITH BUCK RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE PRIZE:

Johanne Forbes, Sheila MacTavish

MATRICULATION SCIENCE AND MATHEMATICS PRIZE:

Georgia Gale

SCIENCE AND MATHEMATICS PRIZE:

FORM 5A: Michele Betts

GOLD MEDAL FOR GENERAL PROFICIENCY:

Katy Partridge

ELMWOOD OLD GIRLS' HOUSE

MOTTO PRIZE:

NIGHTINGALE: "Not for ourselves alone"

FRY: "Friendship for all"

KELLER: "Fair Play"

Won by Margaret-Ann Watson, Nightingale

GRAHAM FORM TROPHY:

FORM 5B

THE HOUSE TROPHY:

FRY

CURRENT EVENTS CUP:

Susan Arnold

Honourable Mention: Ann Thurn

THE EDWARDS GOLD MEDAL FOR GOOD GENERAL IMPROVEMENT:

Susan Cruikshank

BOARDERS' HIGH ENDEAVOUR:

Phyllis Burk

INTERMEDIATE BOARDERS' HIGH ENDEAVOUR PRIZE:

Jeanette MacDonald

BEST OFFICER'S CUP:

Katy Partridge

OFFICER'S PRIZE:

Debbie Simmons

EWING CUP FOR CHARACTER:

Arlene Gluzman

HEADMISTRESS' PRIZES:

Barbara Townend, Ingrid Gluzman, Janet Hehner

THE PHILPOT TOKEN:

Judy Carter

THE SUMMA SUMMARUM:

Sheila MacTavish, Brigid Martland

SPORTS AWARDS, June 1962

THE GREEN FORM DRILL CUP:

FORM 5A: Form Captain Judy Carter

THE WILSON SENIOR SPORTS CUP:

Margaret Watson

THE DUNLOP INTERMEDIATE SPORTS CUP:

Katie Scott

THE FAUQUIER JUNIOR SPORTS CUP:

NIGHTINGALE:

House Sports Captain Sue Cruikshank

THE SYMINGTON INTER-HOUSE BASKETBALL CUP:

KELLER:

House Sports Captain Lois Mulkins

THE DANIELS SENIOR BADMINTON SINGLES CUP

Sarah Garvock

THE JACKSON SENIOR BADMINTON DOUBLES CUP

Sarah Garvock, Rita Browning

THE MATHERS INTERMEDIATE BADMINTON SINGLES CUP:

Barbara Watson

THE RICHARDSON INTERMEDIATE BADMINTON DOUBLES CUP:

Barbara Watson, Sue Lidington

THE WILSON-GORDON SENIOR TENNIS DOUBLES CUP:

Sarah Garvock, Mariellen Campbell

THE SMART INTERMEDIATE TENNIS SINGLES CUP:

Audrey Laidler

THE INTER-HOUSE VOLLEYBALL CUP:

KELLER:

House Sports Captain Lois Mulkins

SCHOOL SPORTS CAPTAIN'S AWARD:

Susan Arnold

PHYSICAL EDUCATION GOLD MEDAL:

Sarah Garvock

THE MAYNARD SPORTSMANSHIP CUP:

Awarded to a girl who not only in sports but in all phases of school life has shown exceptional sportsmanship qualities.

Lois Mulkins



PRIZE WINNERS AT CLOSING, JUNE 1962

LEFT TO RIGHT: Judy Carter, *winner of 'Philpot Token'*, Phyllis Burk, *winner of 'Boarders' High Endeavour*, Brigid Martland, *Co-Head Girl, winner of 'Summa Summarum'*, Sheila MacTavish, *Co-Head Girl, winner of 'Summa Summarum'*.

IN FRONT: Janice Pratley, *winner of 'Southam Cup for Junior High Endeavour'*.

School Directory

- ALDOUS, Mardic, 41 Lambton Rd., Ottawa, Ont.
 ANNIS, Ruth, 280 Second Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
 ARCHAMBAULT, Jane, 783 Eastbourne Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
 ARCHIPOV, Natasha, Cerro de Pasco Corp., Cerra de Pasco, Peru, S.A.
 ARNOLD, Susan, 1080 Chelsca Drive, Ottawa, Ont.
 BETTS, Michele, 1059 Aldea St., Ottawa, Ont.
 BLYTH, Molly, 231 Buena Vista Rd., Ottawa, Ont.
 BOOTH, Sandra, 10 Birch Ave. Ottawa, Ont.
 BROWNING, Rita, 179 Springfield Rd., Ottawa, Ont.
 BUGDEN, Lynn, 813 Maplecrest Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
 BURK, Phyllis, 586 Lakeshore Rd., Beaurepaire, Que.
 CALLOW, Emily, P.O.B. 539, Almonte, Ont.
 CARTER, Judy, 584A Driveway, Ottawa, Ont.
 CHAPLIN, Anne, Box 191, Manotick, Ont.
 CRUKSHANK, Susan, 284 Dickson St., Pembroke, Ont.
 DUFF, Cathy, 161 Howick St., Ottawa, Ont.
 DUVAL, Debbie, 5 Belvedere Cres., Ottawa, Ont.
 ELLIS, Dorian, 38 Charles St., Ottawa, Ont.
 FLETCHER, Barbara, 365 Brittany Dr., Ottawa, Ont.
 FOOTE, Pamela, 1409 St. Clare Ave., Town of Mount Royal, P.Q.
 FOOTE, Wendy, 1409 St. Clare Ave., Town of Mount Royal, P.Q.
 FORBES, Johanne, 535 Trillo, Coral Gables, Miami, Florida
 GALE, Georgia, 72 Buena Vista Rd., Ottawa, Ont.
 GARVOCK, Sarah, 71 Lyttleton Gardens, Ottawa, Ont.
 GILLAN, Nancy, 865 Bronson Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
 GLUZMAN, Arlene, 473 Island Park Drive, Ottawa, Ont.
 GLUZMAN, Ingrid, 473 Island Park Drive Ottawa, Ont.
 GORDON, Judy, 37 Courtney Dr., Montreal West, Que.
 CORMAN, Susan, 37 Delong Rd., Ottawa, Ont.
 GREENBERG, Reesa, 440 Piccadilly Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
 GREENBERG, Jonice, 19 Fairfax Rd., Ottawa, Ont.
 GREENSHIELDS, Barbara, 1870 Heron Cres., Dorval, Que.
 GRISDALE, Barbara, 941 Mooney Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
 GREENFIELD, Frances, 1601 Peter St., Cornwall, Ont.
 HAYES, Roberta, 514 Stanstead Ave., Town of Mount Royal, P.Q.
 HEAMAN, Kit, 481 William St., London, Ont.
 HECGTVEIT, Becky, 3061 Otterson Dr., Ottawa, Ont.
 HEHNER, Janet, 1957 Highridge Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
 KEENE, Mary, 408 Buena Vista Rd., Ottawa, Ont.
 KINGSTONE, Pamela, 7 Belvedere Cres., Ottawa, Ont.
 KLAHN, Robin, 5 Elm St. Apt. 301, Toronto, Ont.
 KNOWLING, Jinty 1231 Woodland Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 LAIDLER, Audrey, 39 Lambton Rd., Ottawa, Ont.
 LAZAROVITZ, Lynn, 984 Mont St. Denis, Sillery, P.Q.
 LIDINGTON, Susan, 145 Heath St., Ottawa, Ont.
 LOEB, Karen, "Stonehouse", Aylmer Rd., R.R. No. 1, Hull, P.Q.
 MARTLAND, Brigid, 55 Placel Rd., Ottawa, Ont.
 MULKINS, Lois, 10 Birch Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
 MacDONALD, Fiona, 200 Howick St., Ottawa, Ont.
 MacDONALD, Jeanette, 4 Ordance St., St. John's, Nfld.
 MacPHAIL, Susan, 254 Main St., Maniwaki, P.Q.
 MacTAVISH, Sheila, 280 Thorold Rd., Ottawa, Ont.
 McAULAY, Rosemary, 46 Fentiman Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
 McLRAITH, Cathy, 515 O'Connor St., Ottawa, Ont.
 McMEANS, Kit, 14 Birch Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
 MORRISON, Elizabeth, 30 Westward Way, Ottawa, Ont.
 NANCEKIVELL, Diane, 387 Summit Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
 NEWMAN, Nancy, 137 Ontario, Apt. 607, St. Catharines, Ont.
 NICHOLSON, Caroline, 420 Minto Place, Ottawa, Ont.
 O'BRIEN, Kerry, 334 Acacia Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
 OGILVIE, Robin, 761 Acacia Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
 PARTRIDGE, Katy, 500 Roxborough Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
 PRATLEY, Janice, 5 Wren Rd., Ottawa, Ont.
 RADCLIFF, Sandra, 6 Crescent Rd., Ottawa, Ont.
 RAYMONT, Elizabeth, 270 Park Rd., Ottawa, Ont.
 RICHARDS, Sharonlee, 187 Mountbatten, Ottawa, Ont.
 ROBINSON, Bonny, 156 York Cres., Rosemere, Que.
 RODGER, Jane, 375 Manor Rd., Ottawa, Ont.
 SAINSBURY, Vicki, 523 Lang's Rd., Ottawa, Ont.
 SANDERS, Ellie, 236 Dunvegan Rd., Toronto, Ont.
 SCOTT, Katie, Seaforth, Ont.
 SIMMONS, Debbie, 7 Silverwood Ave., Toronto, Ont.
 STAFFORD, Suzi, 1915 Lyttleton St., Camden, South Carolina
 STEPHEN, Penny, 432 Mansfield Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
 STIRLING, Janc, 947 Moncrieff Rd., Town of Mount Royal, P.Q.
 THURN, Anne, 717 Westchester Dr., Baie d'Urfé, Que.
 TOLLER, Margot, 102 Park Rd., Ottawa, Ont.
 TOWNEND, Barbara, 4552 Royal Ave., Montreal, Que.
 TURNER, Sandra, Box 370, Shawville, Que.
 WATSON, Margaret, Santa Anita 300, Lomas Hipodromo, Mexico 10, D.F., Mexico
 WATSON, Patricia, Santa Anita 300, Lomas Hipodromo, Mexico 10 D.F., Mexico
 WATSON, Barbara, Santa Anita 300, Lomas Hipodromo, Mexico 10, D.F., Mexico
 WETMORE, Patience, 1760 Des Chenaux Rd., Three Rivers, P.Q.
 WILLIAMSON, Lynn, 332 Ashbury Rd., Ottawa, Ont.
 WHITE, Martha, 480 Cloverdale Rd., Ottawa Ont.

